

## In Another Reality

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/20069893) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/20069893>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Spider-Man (Tom Holland Movies)</a> , <a href="#">Spider-Man - All Media Types</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Quentin Beck/Peter Parker</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Quentin Beck</a> , <a href="#">Stephen Strange</a> , <a href="#">The Ancient One</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Reality</a> , <a href="#">Quentin Beck is a villain but not a creepy pervert</a> , <a href="#">Quentin Beck is also a hero</a> , <a href="#">Because I deserve Hero Beck!</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">MCU Alternate Universes</a>
Stats:	Published: 2019-08-01 Completed: 2019-11-05 Chapters: 6/6 Words: 7080

## In Another Reality

by [Caitlin Withanl](#)

### Summary

What if Peter somehow wound up in an alternate reality and met another version of Quentin Beck, who was not a total douche?

## I'm Here Now

Peter hated fighting Mysterio. Not that he was a difficult person to physically fight, or boring to quip with, but whenever they fought something bad always happened to Peter. The first time in Austria he got hit by a train, in London, his friends were almost killed by murder Edith bots and Mysterio revealed his secret identity after his 'death'. So, Peter didn't exactly have the fondest memories of Mysterio.

When Mysterio revealed his identity, Peter was moderately pissed. Mostly at the fact the man was dead so he wouldn't get to punch him for it. But a few days later J. Jonah Jameson was attacked by masked thugs and his precious (and somehow not dead) Mysterio appeared to help, Peter sat back and watched as the thugs decided not to follow Beck's choreography and his projections fell apart. Peter swung in easily webbing up the thugs, not even paying any attention to the red-faced Jameson, and advanced on Beck, who stood in a grey unitard with dots over it and punched him in the face.

'What the hell man! You told everyone who I was! And I thought you were dead!' Peter watched the other man sprawled on the floor as he shouted. Beck was rubbing his jaw and looking fairly scared.

'Come on kid, it was nothing personal. I am not the bad guy, and I won't let you make me out to be one!' He got up, towering over Peter, 'So what if I had to sacrifice a few hundred people in my plan! I was going to be the best hero, much better than stupid Tony Stark!' Peter felt like he was arguing with another teenager over video games.

'And what if aliens had attacked Beck? Or some other attack in the city? How were you going to fight them when everything about you is pre recorder projections and acting?' Beck gasped, putting a hand over his heart, looking every bit the dramatic twat, he was.

'I'll have you know Peter that there is a lot of hard, complicated choreography involved, and the dialogue too! It's not easy you know, to perfect it all!' They both turned when Jameson stumbled up with a 'what the hell!' and Beck let out a loud huff. 'See what you've done now Peter!' and he started running out the building.

Peter put his head in his hands and groaned. This was the life he was living now.

So here he was again, fighting Mysterio, who had perfected a more practical fighting ability. He was in a real suit now, and his projections were more for screwing with people, putting them into worlds of LSD and realistic prisons. And he was definitely a villain now. Peter had managed to grab Beck's recording bot and had uploaded the whole argument online and forced Jameson to address it.

Peter would swing at Beck, and punch or kick him, then swing off staying a good distance away for most of the battle. If he got too close, he'd fall into one of the illusions. But he wasn't expecting Beck to grab his legs on his next kick and dropping him through an illusion that screamed Alice in Wonderland, knocking Peter unconscious at the bottom.

When Peter woke up his head felt like it was going to explode, and the pressure only got worse when he tried to roll over. With a pained groan, he lay as still as he could, hoping his head would chill out soon. Thanks to his super-healing it didn't take long, and Peter was able to gingerly sit up without the world blacking out. He didn't recognise the room he was in, but he recognised the aesthetic and guessed he was in the home of Dr Strange. He got up and began searching for the man.

Usually when Peter got in a bind, Dr Strange would suddenly appear, help, then leave, or magic Peter into the safety of 177 Bleeker Street and give him time to heal before kicking him out. It wasn't often that Peter was left unsupervised in the building, something to do with 'Magical objects beyond your ability to conceive and understand are dangerous, Mr Parker' so he took advantage of the opportunity to go and touch the stuff he shouldn't. Peter did get to look at the rooms a lot, so when he walked into the library it felt like everything was there but shifted to the left slightly, but enough to be noticeable. Also, the fact that Beck stood in the library was also noticeably wrong.

Peter stumbled backwards, knocking some books off a table beside the door. His reaction drew the eyes of the other two inhabitants in the room. If Peter thought the fact that Beck was in the room was strange, the fact that he was in the room WITH Dr Strange, talking civilly with him like he was meant to be there was a thousand times stranger.

It was Beck who stepped towards him, and Peter was floored by the look on his face. Not childish anguish at not getting what he wanted, this man looked concerned and kind. Behind him, Dr Strange was doing some of his glowing hand stuff, and Peter could feel his mind getting heavy and his vision going dark. The last thing he saw before being swept into unconsciousness was Beck lunging towards him and cradling him as he fell.

It was much darker in the room when Peter next woke up, and both men were stood against the far wall looking at him. Peter sat up but didn't do anything else but remove his mask. They all sat in silence, waiting for the other to make the move until Beck sighed and pushed himself off the wall.

'My name is Quentin Beck, and this is my colleague Dr Stephen Strange. How are you feeling? You've been out for a few days.' Peter felt like this was some sort of nightmare or something, not only were they talking to each other, but neither seemed to recognise him.

'I know who you are.' Peter replied rather dumbly. Dr Strange laughed harshly, 'Of course, you know who we are, what we want to know is who are you, and where the hell are you from, and how you got in the Sanctum?' Peter felt like this Strange was very different from the man he knew. 'I need him out of here soon, he's been here too long, and I don't want to get in trouble.' Strange directed this last part at Beck, who looked very unhappily back at him.

'Why haven't you just killed me Beck?' both heads snapped back to look at Peter, who was very confused by the whole situation. 'I don't get what your plan is here? I know this is all wrong so what's the point?'

'I...' Beck looked lost for words, a rarity for the man who always had some petulant come back ready. Peter just stared him down, barely registering a loud bang from somewhere else in the building and Strange leaving the room. Beck looked very sad, concern coming from him in waves. He didn't look like he was playing Peter or trying to manipulate him. Peter's Spidy-tingle was also absent, so at least Peter wasn't in immediate danger.

The door opened again and Beck looked towards it, Peter's gaze following to see a new person

standing in the door. She was dressed in yellow, robes like Strange, and she looked straight at him. 'Come with me, Mr Parker.' She smiled kindly and Peter found himself getting up and following her out. They seem to step straight onto the roof of Bleeker Street and Peter breathes in the fresh air (which seems fresher than he remembered it being) and sat on a little bench next to the woman.

'You are very far from home Mr Parker.' Peter looked at her, questions on the tip of his tongue but the woman held up her hand and continued. 'You are not of this reality Mr Parker, that is why everything is so similar yet different. Where the Quentin Beck of your reality is demanding and self-serving, here he is a selfless defender and a good man.'

'How did I get here?' It felt like the best question to ask, 'And how do I get back to my reality?' The woman looked pensively at him, 'I do not know Mr Parker, I am able to see every possible action in the universe and yet I never saw you coming here. Stephen and I shall look into it but I cannot promise that we will find any answers. You may be stuck here for some time.'

'Or forever.' Peter finished, and the woman nodded. Peter could feel dread filling in the pit of his stomach, he was stuck here with no idea how long or if he could even get home. What would May think? Maybe she would go to Dr Strange and he would find a way to help, but then who knows.

'While you are I shall leave you in Quentin's care. You may even be able to help him in his duties.' She eyed his suit, smiling softly at him. 'You are not alone here, Peter.' Peter smiled back, 'Thank you.' And they sat in the dying light for a little while longer.

## You Were Like a Dream

Peter was left alone for the next few days to heal and acclimatise to his new surroundings. Stephen and the woman (who he found out was called the Ancient One but he just called her Ma'am) occasionally asked him questions about what was happening before he woke up here, the weather, his emotions and a whole range of other things that didn't feel very relevant. Peter didn't see Quentin at all over those few days, although when they had last spoken Peter had made him very uncomfortable, so he could understand the avoidance.

Quentin reappeared on a drizzly morning. He was dressed in his Mysterio suit and quirked a smile at Peter, who was sat in too big clothes with a spoonful of cereal halfway to his mouth. Quentin sat on an adjacent couch and silently watched the cartoon Peter had put on. They sat in silence for the duration of Peter's bowl of cereal, and Peter used that opportunity to look at the man. His body was relaxed, and he oozed confidence, his suit looked identical to that of Peter's Beck, but Peter could feel the magic in the air like the atoms around him sizzled with his power. This was the man he thought his Beck was, the perfect hero to take up Tony's mantle. But he only looked like the man who had turned out to be a fraud and attempted to ruin his life.

When Peter put his bowl down on the coffee table Quentin turned to him and smiled confidently. 'Mr Parker, the Ancient One asked me to keep you company while you're stuck here so, would you like to come patrol with me?' Peter knew this was coming but it felt trippy now that it was here.

'I would love to get out of this building sir.' Peter jumped up and ran off to grab his suit. He returned to a look of bemusement on Quentin's face, and when he looked quizzically at the man he grinned.

'You are very excitable Mr Parker, and please call me Quentin, or whatever makes you comfortable.' He walked to the front door and held it open, gesturing for Peter to go, 'After you.' Peter smiled, passing Quentin and inhaling the damp morning air. Behind him, he heard Quentin follow and close the door, but he didn't speak or move past him. He allowed Peter a moment to just be.

'You can call me Peter if you like.' Peter turned, trying to gauge the man's reaction but Quentin only smiled politely. Peter pulled on his mask and they began walking down the street. 'We don't have a hero like you here, Peter, so you'll have to show me some of your moves so I can see what you can do.' Peter nodded and figured his best moves are done when he's off the ground. He looked at Quentin with a cheeky smile, hidden under the mask, and tauntingly said 'catch me if you can,' before taking a running start and thwipping off the ground to swing through the buildings.

It felt like coming home, being able to move like this again. The air rushing past him may feel different but the energy was the same and the buildings were too. He rotated on one swing to check behind him and sure enough, Quentin followed, helmet up and green mist swirling. Peter made sure to swing as best he could, showing both his flexibility and quick responses. After ten minutes he was grinning beneath the mask and he could hear Quentin's laughter as he followed.

He took a left and thwipped, he had been running on muscle memory the whole time, so without paying attention he failed to see the building he was expecting to hit was, in fact, a park in this universe. In one moment, he was soaring the next he was falling. There wasn't enough time for the situation to hit him before he felt himself slowing, the air around him glowing green, Quentin

floating above him, hands outstretched and doing some intricate hand movements. He was doing what Dr Strange did, but instead of the orange glow, it was green. Quentin lowered him at a safer speed onto a nearby roof, floating down himself to join him.

Peter stood and looked at the skyline, assessing where he was and trying to figure out what was missing. Quentin stood quietly behind him, once again giving him time to process. When it hit Peter what was gone he felt tears burn at his eyes. He turned to Quentin, 'The Stark Tower, that's where the Stark Tower is back home.' Quentin regarded him quietly, but a look of confusion soon took over.

'Stark? Do you mean Anthony Stark?' Peter felt a few more tears fall, he nodded, 'Tony,' the name came out like a whispered prayer. Quentin took a deep breath, 'Anthony Stark is dead Peter, War Machine murdered his father, and when Stark chose to tear down the Tower and kill his fathers' company, War Machine killed him.'

'War Machine?' Peter felt like his world had been flipped again, 'But Mr Rhodes is Tony's friend, why would he kill him.' Quentin looked at Peter softly, before moving forwards and pulling the kid into a tight hug. 'Rhodes expected Stark to give him the world, money and power. And when Stark chose to forfeit his own right to them Rhodes snapped. It was a long time ago Peter, old news here.' Peter clutched at Quentin taking the time to stop crying and control his breathing.

When he felt more in control Peter stepped back, apologising, before running off the building and swinging away. Quentin debated on following, the kid clearly needed someone but considering the boy's words when they first met, he was cautious of being that person. But Peter was also his responsibility, so he used a spell of illusion to hide himself and followed after, giving the boy space to do what he wanted.

## As It Should Be

Peter had sat for hours in one place, just staring out at the bay. Quentin had felt bad for following him so he sat within earshot of Peter, so if the boy moved, he would hear, but he still had some privacy. Once he figured the boy wasn't planning on moving anytime soon, he went to get him some food and a bottle of water. Peter didn't seem surprised when Quentin floated down beside him, only looking up when a burger and bottle were offered.

'Hey.' Peter whispered, accepting the food and taking his time with each bite. Quentin smiled encouragingly at him, 'hey kid.' He spoke quietly, letting the silence fill the air as the boy ate.

After a few moments, Peter looked up at him, muttering a small apology. Quentin smiled again, 'It's no problem, Peter. I should have asked about your reality and told you some of the differences.'

'I don't know what I expected really. That everything else would be the same except you.' Peter shrugged, shivering slightly in the cool breeze that had started. Quentin unclipped his cape and draped it over the boy, enveloping him in warmth. 'Thanks.'

'It's no problem, but we should be getting you back now. You've had a long day.' Peter nodded, gripping the cape close as he stood. As Quentin looked at him a surge of warmth went through him, and he quickly looked away. 'I can fly us both if you would prefer?' Peter yawned and nodded again, moving to stand closer to Quentin as he weaved his magic.

Peter felt bad after his little meltdown, mostly because it had driven Quentin away. It had been a week and the other man hadn't come to him again, and Peter had to admit he felt loss at the missing man. He had tried speaking to Dr Strange, but the man barely glanced at him, let alone answered any of his questions. So, Peter was left to sit about Bleecker Street with nothing to do and nobody to talk to.

He had resorted to stalking people from his life on the internet to see what they were like here. He'd started with Ned, obviously, and as far as Peter could tell Ned's life was the same as back home. Peter ignored the twinge of hurt at the fact he didn't appear to be friends with Ned here, but he refused to look at his own life out of fear of what he might find. MJ appeared to be a social butterfly, rather than introverted, she was the Party Queen of some normal New York high school.

He gave up on that too after a while, afraid of what he might learn about some people, lives that had already been completely lived or never lived at all. Peter gave up on the internet after that depressing thought and chose to go out into the city. So, each day he chose a new direction and got lost in the winding streets of New York and Queen's. He ate in new places, looked in at antique stores and bookshops and tried mapping out the whole city in his mind. On Saturday he stepped out the door and saw Quentin standing at the bottom of the stairs dressed in a light jacket and jeans. Peter was surprised at seeing the man, especially considering he was so dressed down, and it took him a moment to stop gaping like a fish at the man.

'Hi.' Peter mentally kicked himself for sounding so boring but preened a little when Quentin started smiling at him. 'Hey, kid.' Peter felt like he was standing next to the sun with how bright Quentin's smile was, and he tried to ignore how light it made him feel after so many days of uncertainty.

'I noticed you've been going out and I thought you might like company, and an apology.' Peter frowned in confusion, noticing Quentin's smile tighten in uncertainty. 'An apology? What for?' Peter couldn't think what the man could be referring to, but he ached to step towards him and stop him looking so unhappy.

'I have been avoiding you, at first I convinced myself it was for you, but I guess it was more because I was afraid I had ruined everything and I didn't want to face that.' Quentin was looking resolutely at a spot above Peter's left ear and looking very uncomfortable. Clearly, he wasn't used to talking about his feelings with other people. Peter smiled at him, 'Don't worry about it man,' and took a deep breath when the other man seemed to smile for real again, 'and I would love your company.' With that Peter took off down the street, not looking behind to see if Quentin was following. Quentin just gaped at the boy as he took off, before kicking himself into gear and rushing to catch up with him.



## **That's The Kind Of Love, I've Been Dreaming Of**

They eventually adventured to a hidden bookstore in downtown New York. It was small and cosy, for Peter the first word to spring to mind was intimate. Peter wasn't much one for reading fictional stories, but he could tell Quentin was enamoured with the shop. He was pretending to peruse the shelf while watching Quentin out of the corner of his eye. The man was fully focused on the shelf before him, gently skimming his fingertips down the spines of books, muttering under his breath as he did.

It almost made Peter feel like he was interrupting an intimate moment, so he tore himself away from the sight and ventured further into the store. There was no one else in the store with them besides the owner, who only appeared when someone was looking to purchase, something Peter had noticed the first time he had entered the store a week ago. So, he was able to move at a slow pace without fear of being in the way or being watched.

He scanned the shelves, looking for something he might recognise, but many of the titles were unknown. He soaked in the atmosphere of the store and found a corner to sit down and relax. It had been three months since he'd fallen into this reality. Strange and his friend had yet to find any way to fix it and Peter could feel the constant failure weigh down on his nerves. Though he hadn't told anyone else he was beginning to feel panicky, like he was doomed to die here with no way home. But he noticed that when he was with Quentin all those feelings fell away and he felt truly at peace with his life.

Quentin also made him feel other things, but he tried to ignore them. He was an interloper in this universe so falling in love with someone would only end in heartbreak for him. But he so wished he could tell the other man. Fall into him like he dreamed and carve out a life for himself here, with Quentin. It was his one wish. It could only end in disaster.

He hadn't noticed that he'd closed his eyes whilst in thought, till a large bang right next to him startled him up. Looking down he saw the culprit was a small book. He reached for it and lightly traced the title, whispering, 'The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.'

'A good story that one, no matter the ending.' Peter almost shrieked when the voice spoke, turning to see the owner standing above him. The man had definitely not been there a moment ago.

'Oh, yeah, I think it fell off the shelf.' Peter looked up at the shelf but couldn't see any gaps that evidenced where the book had previously sat. The owner just laughed, 'I think the story picked you.' He said cryptically.

'What?' Peter eyed the man, realising he was probably crazy.

'These old books know everything; you might not be ready for the story but it's ready for you.' He wandered off, not acknowledging the confused look on Peter's face at his words. Peter just stared dumbfoundedly after him, deciding he was definitely crazy. Looking back at the book he recognised it, or at least it was similar to a play he'd read in 6th grade English. He couldn't remember much, except that they died at the end, and from the title, he guessed the story was probably the same here. He tucked it on a random shelf and got up, deciding he didn't wanna get cornered by the owner again, he sought out Quentin.

Quentin was still absorbed in the books, though he was at least in front of a new bookcase. Peter

sat down near him, leaving him to continue looking. Peter's mind drifted back to what the owner had said, about the story being ready for him. He had been thinking about Quentin when the book fell into his lap. And from what he remembered the two lovers had chosen to be happy together, despite what was drawing them apart.

Maybe that was what the old man meant. That he should grab his opportunity now and be happy with what they can have, then never try at all. It was a silly thought, all in all, the old man was obviously missing a few screws. The idea that fate would use a book to get him to try something was ridiculous. The book could have meant any number of things, or most likely meant nothing at all. But by God did it make him want to try.

After they had gotten over their rocky start, he and Quentin had fallen together like old friends. Quentin tagged along on Peter's mini-adventures almost every day, and they spent large quantities of the day together. The man had been nothing but kind to him, so it wasn't surprising to Peter that his 20-year-old brain took one look at Quentin and said 'yes, let's be with him'. Quentin was hot in ways Peter would never achieve in his wildest dreams. Where Peter was eternally tall and lanky, Quentin had a thickness to him from years of working out and fighting. He was ruggedly handsome where Peter was 'cute'. But on top of the physical, Quentin was wicked smart, he loved to read and learn, and used that knowledge as often as he could. He was the perfect person basically.

And Peter yearned to be with him, but he never said anything. Never looked after him with a lovelorn expression or say anything that could be extrapolated to show how he felt. Sometimes he saw Quentin look at him when the other man didn't know. He saw the soft expression and a yearning that mimicked his own, but he never changed anything. No matter how much he wanted to. But looking at him now, Peter wanted. He wanted to know everything about the man, every sensitive area on his body, every sound he made, everything that made him happy in life and the things that made him sad. Peter wanted to love Quentin freely, here in a universe that was not his own, and be loved by him.

'Quentin.' Peter whispered before he could stop himself. Quentin's attention immediately switched to Peter; books forgotten as if they were never there. Concerned eyes met Peter's and he couldn't stand to see it there. He got up and approached the other man, never breaking eye contact.

'Did my heart love till now,' Peter stood toe to toe with Quentin, looking up at him as he spoke softly, 'I don't want to live another second without you Q.' He took Quentin's hand, threading their fingers together. 'I love you, Q.'

Quentin was silent, and Peter could only look at their hands as he waited. When Quentin squeezed his fingers, he looked up. 'Peter,' Quentin breathed the word out like it was a prayer, 'I love you too, Pete.' Peter couldn't hold back a grin at Quentin's words, he rested his head against the other man's shoulder as he laughed, feeling Quentin's own joyous laugh as the man shook. When he leaned back, his hands found the back of Quentin's head as he leaned upon his tiptoes to kiss him. Quentin's hands found his hips and Peter could help but shudder at the touch.

Quentin broke the kiss, smiling conspiratorially as he leaned to bite Peter's ear which got a very shaky moan out of Peter. Pressed chest to chest Peter could feel the spike in both their heart rates when Quentin whispered in his ear, 'we should take this home,' before sucking a bruise onto the skin beneath his ear. It took Peter a moment to pull his thoughts together enough to answer with a very enthusiastic yes.

## Shelter Us, Harbour Me

Life went on for them both. Spider-Man happily following Mysterio into battle and Quentin excitedly taking Peter on trips across the city. Peter had gotten the chance to move out of the Bleecker Street, after months of complaining to Quentin, who had confidently asked him to move in with him (he only blushed and stammered a little, no matter what Peter said.) Peter had amassed a large collection of clothes and stuff despite the fact he'd only been there for less than a year. And Quentin's closet soon became their closet, their bed, their home.

But, in reflection, life had never been truly in Peter's favour.

No one had been able to figure out what had happened to him. Dr Strange didn't seem to particularly care, but the Sorcerer Supreme gave him a sad look when they eventually gave up. And Peter had to admit that it definitely sucked a lot, but he had created a life for himself here at least. With Quentin, he had a home and someone who loved him.

Peter really enjoyed going out on patrols. Spider-Man was who he was, so getting to swing about (and show off to Quentin) was one of the best parts of the day. But, most of all Peter enjoyed spending all his time with Quentin.

They sat looking over the Bay, watching the sunset over the water. Their shoulders touched every time Peter laughed, or when Quentin turned to look at him. They did this often, just soaking in the last rays of the day, sitting as close as they could without being on top of each other.

'This really is the life man.' Peter said, smiling up at Quentin, who brushed some of his hair out of his face.

'It really is,' he replied softly, leaning forward to peck Peter's lips.

They sat in the moment, absorbed in each other. They parted when they heard a scream, both heads darting to the street where a young woman was running. Quentin was gone first, instantly up and floating down to the street, followed by Peter. They followed her into the alley, only seeing her as she turned the corner.

Once Peter hit the ground he was face to face with a dead-end, empty of the girl. He looked back at Quentin, who had his helmet on, then looked back at the wall. Laughter started ringing around them, both men moving towards each other, back to back, looking up in search of the source.

Loud thumps joined the laughing and they both looked at the dead-end as a figure rose above it, hoisted up by what looked like metal limbs. In the dying light Peter couldn't make out any features, but the figure made his Spidey Senses go mad, subconsciously making him step in front of Quentin.

The laughing got louder as he moved, and the figure dropped down in front of them.

'How sweet, are you going to protect him, Parker? From me?' Peter froze at the voice, he had never heard it before, but her voice set off his Spidey Senses big time.

'No.' He heard Quentin whisper behind him, feeling him grab his arm.

'I couldn't believe it when I heard word of one Peter Parker. I never imagined I would see you again,' Peter felt a deep sense of dread wash over him at her tone, 'especially after I killed you.' Quentin's grip got stronger at that, causing Peter to stumble back. 'How cute that you try to run from me, Mysterio.'

Peter felt the response bubble up in him before he had the chance to think, 'Who are you?' He took a step back at her harsh laughter.

'Most people call me Doc Ock.' And with that one of the mechanical limbs shot out at them, causing Quentin to push Peter away from him so they wouldn't be hit. Stumbling away from the arm, Peter shot his webs up in an attempt to get away but was intercepted and thrown into the brick wall. The claw-like ends grabbed at his throat, keeping him pinned.

Quentin was shouting, floating towards him whilst evading the other limbs. He was unsuccessful and took a claw to the gut, flinging him up against the other wall, directly opposite Peter. Peter struggled hard, trying to find some weakness to get out but instead he was thrust into the wall again.

'Now, now boys. Let's have none of that.' Doc Ock singsonged, using the other limbs to step forward into Quentin's space. 'My, my, aren't you a pretty one.' She said, pulling Quentin's helmet off and dropping it with a loud crack. Peter winced at the sound but kept his eyes on Quentin.

'Please, please don't hurt him.' Peter was shocked at the broken words Quentin let out. He had only ever heard the man sound confident and strong, but he could tell he was trembling now. 'Please, don't take him from me.'

'Oh, precious Beck, did you really think he could stay here.' She sounded sad now, losing the cruel tone of her voice.

'What are you talking about?' He shouted, feeling like he had missed some hugely important conversation.

She laughed again, 'Oh? You didn't tell him?' She dropped them both, Peter landed on his feet and ran to Quentin's side. Quentin just leaned against the wall, and Peter could see the glisten of tears on his face.

'Are you okay?' Peter whispered, wiping away the tears with his thumb. Quentin let out a broken sob, pulling Peter into a tight hug and whispering 'I'm sorry' over and over and over.

'What the hell are you talking about!' Peter turned, yelling at the woman.

'He came to me, and I told him you couldn't stay.' Quentin tightened his hold as she spoke, 'And he ignored me, he got attached.'

'Stay? Why can't I stay?' Peter looked down at the man he loved.

'How pathetic, you can't stay because you don't belong here, in this reality. It'll slowly kill you, drain away at your life.'

'But I feel fine now!' Peter could feel tears at the back of his eyes. 'I feel fine here.'

Her shrill laugh sounded again, 'But time will change that. I told him you had to go, but I was ignored.'

'Let me go with him then,' Quentin said, looking in Peter's eyes, 'Let me go with him.'

'I can't. You know that.' Tears fell from Quentin's eyes, and Peter felt the feeling of dread fill him again.

‘What are you going to do to me?’ He asked, not looking away from Quentin.

‘I’m going to right what went wrong.’ She moved towards him, and Quentin surged forward and kissed him. It was all wrong, wet and sad. Quentin poured every inch of his love into the kiss, and Peter held on for his dear life. ‘I love you.’ They both whispered when they spilt, leaning together.

‘I’m sorry, Peter. I’m so sorry.’ Quentin kissed him again, and Peter could feel tears of his own begin to fall.

‘I don’t want to go.’ He whispered holding on to Quentin, he could hear the thunk thunk of her coming closer. ‘No! I don’t want to go.’ He jerked up, but Quentin followed pinning him against the wall with his body. ‘I’m sorry Peter.’ Quentin kissed him one last time, and Peter felt his eyes close then he fell unconscious.

# Orpheus... Eurydice

## Chapter Notes

So I don't know what my plan was with Tony, but I've never said he was dead so I've decided he's alive but doesn't work as IronMan anymore, but trains Peter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter hated being there, it was a dingy basement room and everyone just cried the whole time, but it felt nice to talk about his feelings. God only knew that he had a lot of feelings. He had to sneak out once a week, between Aunt May leaving for work and Tony coming to pick him up of training, so he wouldn't face any questions about where he was going. He didn't think he'd manage to answer if they asked.

When Peter had gotten back he'd woken up in Bleeker Street, and he'd almost passed out with the wave of de-ja-vu that hit him. Dr Strange had been there, and Peter's heart couldn't handle the realisation that he was really back. He answered all of Strange's questions as vaguely as possible and then cried and cried until sleep took him. When he left the next morning Peter resolved to act as if nothing had happened, only allowing himself to live in those memories for that one-hour meeting in the basement of a church in Queens.

He hated it.

He cherished it.

It had only been 5 weeks, but to Peter, it felt like time trickled by slowly. He got on with life though, his job and the avengers stuff keeping him busy both mentally and physically. He could tell everyone could see he was different, May looked at him for a beat too long, and Tony smiled at him for a moment longer. What Peter didn't expect was for Happy to sit him down and awkwardly try to ask him what was wrong, which was the weirdest thing ever and Peter would never admit that it made him feel loved. But he persevered and kept to his rule of not thinking about it ever. Well, except late at night.

'So, Peter,' the voice drew him out of his thoughts, 'how have you been this week?' Lewis gave him an encouraging smile, and Peter smiled meekly back.

'I, er, I've been okay, I guess. It's hard, still hard, living life with- without him,' His voice broke and he looked away for a moment, trying not to cry, 'He's all I think about sometimes, no matter how hard I try not to. I, I miss him so much.' The tears fell steadily and Peter let them. The girl next to him took his hand and squeezed it, and he gripped back for dear life.

'Peter, you are allowed to remember him, just as you're allowed to feel. It hurts now, but not allowing yourself to feel now will only make it so much worse later on. You have to face your feelings, Quentin would have wanted you too.' Peter let out a quiet sob but nodded at Lewis' words. He knew he was right.

Lewis moved on to the next person and Peter let himself cry for the rest of the meeting, holding the girl's hand the whole time. After the meeting was over he stayed to mingle and chat with some of the regulars. It was nice to talk to people who understood his feelings. The girl who held his

hand asked if he wanted to grab coffee on her way back to work and he agreed, but stopped when he saw Tony standing at the gate into the church.

‘Oh, hey, how about a rain check on that coffee.’ He muttered apologetically, and she smiled knowingly as they parted. Peter waved her off then walked up to the other man.

‘Hey, Tony.’ Peter muttered, looking resolutely at his shoes.

‘Pete. Kid, I.’ Tony made concerned noise, and Peter looked at him, ‘I’m always gonna be here for you, Pete. I hope you know that.’ Peter nodded. ‘Something’s happened, Doc thinks you should come, something about what happened when you fought Mysterio.’

Walking into a crammed Bleeker street was a new experience for Peter. Usually, it was just Dr Strange and Mr Wong but it seemed that whatever they’d found was interesting enough to have half the avengers over as well as people from Kamehameha. Also interesting enough to have one very grumpy looking Mysterio tied up in the centre of the room, whose reddened cheek made it look like every time he opened his mouth someone had slapped it shut again.

Strange was missing from the main room, but Tony quickly lead him through another door into the depths of Bleeker street. Peter didn’t expect to end up in a bedroom, where Strange stood over an unconscious person. He looked up at them as they entered and stood straight moving towards them.

‘Mr Parker, it seems that an event similar to what happened to yourself has occurred again. We found this gentleman unconscious at the epicentre of the energy signal. We thought he might be from the reality you found yourself in.’ He moved to the side and gestured Peter forward for a closer look at the man.

Peter let out a quiet gasp when he saw who it was, sitting down heavily on the bed. His eyes never moved from the man's face and he reached out and grasped his hand. Tony looked bewildered, eyes darting from Peter to Stephen. Stephen just shook his head and gestured for him to leave the room, closing the door softly behind them.

Peter didn’t notice their exit at all, eyes fixed on the unconscious Quentin. He felt like it was all a dream, seeing him there, but the weight of his hand and the soft, slow breathing made it all real. Peter really hoped it was all real. He had no idea how he was there, but Peter was never going to let him go again.

Hours later, Peter had migrated into an armchair and fell asleep, hand still clutching Quentin’s. He was awoken by a light squeezing and he almost fell out of the chair in his haste to sit up. Quentin was looking at him, smiling softly, and Peter couldn’t help but throw himself forward into a desperate kiss. It was the opposite of their last one, warm and full of hope, and Peter melted into it.

When they parted Quentin pulled him in for a hug, laughing at the sheer impossibility of the situation. ‘My god, Peter. I can't believe it worked.’ Peter could feel him begin to shake as the crying started. Both were crying and clutching to each other, but Peter felt anything but sad for the first time in weeks.

‘How are you here Q?’ Peter pulled back, thumb stroking Quentin’s wet cheek gently.

Quentin chuckled, ‘I found a way, hopefully, Octavia won't do anything, not that I think she can.’

He pulled Peter into another kiss, 'I won't let her separate us again.'

'But what about-' Peter was cut off by another kiss, and Quentin smiled at him, 'I don't care, Peter, I would rather live a shorter life with you, than live longer without. You're my world, Pete.'  
Peter lay beside Quentin and they kissed again, parting only to whisper 'I love you'.

## Chapter End Notes

So this is the end i think, I happy that i got to do a sad bit but have a happy ending,  
hope you've enjoyed :D

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